

Fragments of
sacred verse

J JENKINS

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FRAGMENTS
OF
SACRED VERSE.

WITH
Notes and Reflections.

BY J. JENKINS.

LONDON;
J. K. CAMPBELL, HIGH HOLBORN.
PLYMOUTH: BRENDON.

1853.

Price Threepence.

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The brief Notes in the Appendix are inserted as having reference to certain statements contained in the passages to which they allude, and to explain in some measure the circumstances under which they were penned.

FRAGMENTS OF SACRED VERSE.

Create in me a clean heart.

PSALM li. 10.

O LORD, thou know'st my treach'rous heart
Is prone to wander and depart
From thee, the God I love :
Desiring here to find a rest,
While wand'ring in the wilderness,
Forgetting things above.

Yet, gracious Lord, 'tis thine alone,
To break this sinful heart of stone,
This stubborn will subdue ;
O speak the word, thy servant heal,
And make me savingly to feel,
Thou hast made all things new.

From worldly objects turn my eyes,
And wean me from all earthly toys

That prepossess the mind :

Be thou my guardian and my friend,
And cause my wand'ring steps to tend

Where I true peace may find.

Troubles and sorrows must assail
Our journey through this desert vale ;

But grant us, Lord, to view,
That tho' oppress'd our earthly lot,
By thee we cannot be forgot,

Thou 'lt bless thy chosen few.

What tho' temptations, doubts, and fears,
Distress us through this vale of tears,

We soon shall bid farewell ;
And soar above all mortal woes,
With *thee* our Saviour to repose,
Eternally to dwell.

The Almighty Intercessor.

ROMANS viii. 26.

GRACIOUS Lord, incline thine ear
To thine humble suppliant's prayer ;
Well thou know'st my pressing need,
Saviour, in thy name I plead,
This is my availing plea—
Jesus intercedes for me.

Lord, thy gracious light impart,
Search and try my inmost heart ;
All my secret sins reveal,
Thou and thou alone canst heal ;
When I pray be this my plea—
Jesus intercedes for me.

Let me, then, in Christ confide,
Quit all other hope beside ;
Though distress and fear assail,
Jesus pleads, and must prevail ;
Here's my all-sufficient plea—
Jesus intercedes for me.

Chosen in Him before the foundation of the world.¹

EPH. i. 4.

COME, Lord, and help us to rejoice
In that eternal blissful choice ;
By which, before the world was made,
We were secured in Christ our Head.

Chosen in Him ere time began,
Preserv'd and call'd in grace to stand ;
Brought out of nature's wide domain,
Made meet with thee in heav'n to reign.

We bless thee, Lord, for grace so free,
Its richest fulness may we see,
And join with all thy saints above,
T' extol thy boundless, matchless love.

O teach our hearts to love thy name,
Almighty Father, still the same,
Whose watchful care preserves our ways,
And makes us monuments of praise.

¹ Note A.

Jesus, assist us with thy grace,
In patience still to run our race ;
To lean on thee our righteousness,
While journeying through the wilderness.

Direct and guide our wand'ring feet,
And lead us to thy mercy seat,
To seek thy face—for this we know,
All needful blessings thou 'lt bestow.

Lines

Suggested from a Sermon preached by Rev. R. FAYLE,
on occasion of finally closing St. Mary's Church,
Wareham, for re-building, May 2, 1841 ; on Heb. x. 25.²

GRACIOUS Lord, we bow before thee,
Suppliants at thy throne of grace,
Thou to whom all hearts are open,
Thou who know'st our every case,
Look with mercy
On thy waiting people here.

Manifest thyself unto us,
In the appointed means of grace,
Thou hast choicest blessings promised
Unto all who seek thy face,
Thro' the medium—
Solemn worship, prayer, and praise.

Great have been our consolations,
When with grief and care opprest,
Strong hath been thine arm to rescue,
When by unbelief distress ;
Our Deliverer
Thou hast been in times of need.

² Note B.

Let us raise, then, Ebenezers,
 "Hitherto" thy help we've found;
 Now in mercy deign to bless us,
 Let thy grace and love abound,
 To thy glory
 May our every work be found.

Guide, O Lord, our wand'ring footsteps,
 While exposed to Satan's wiles;
 May we hear thy glorious gospel,
 May we live upon thy smiles;
 Not forsaking
 The assemblies of thy Saints.

**Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day,
and for ever.**

HEB. xiii. 8.

O WHAT a glorious, blissful thought,
That does the soul sustain ;
Mid all my sin, and fear, and doubt,
Yet Jesus is the same.

When darkness overspreads the mind,
And Satan seems to reign ;
Sweet comfort from the Word I find,
For Jesus is the same.

Tho' in affliction's path I tread,
O why should I complain,
Since all must tend to work for good,
As Jesus is the same.

Tho' Satan, flesh, and world combine,
He will their pow'r restrain ;
Through grace, dominion shall be mine,
For Jesus is the same.

Thro' all the changing scenes of time,
May this sweet truth remain
Imprest for ever on my mind,—
That Jesus is the same.

The same—in purpose, will, and power,
In counsel and decree ;
The same to day and evermore,
Throughout eternity.

A Birth-day Thought.

THROUGH the year that now has flown,
 God has many mercies shewn ;
 And our worthless lives are spared
 Still his mercies to record.

Changing scenes we often meet,
 Snares beset our wand'ring feet,
 Earthly ties and friendships end,
 But our God's a changeless Friend.

Lord, thy providence I own,
 Thou preserv'st, and thou alone ;
 And thy grace thro' trials past
 Has upheld from first to last.

On thy goodness I rely,
 To thine arms of love I fly ;
 Safe, preserved from every ill,
 Keep, O Lord, thy servant still.

Lines

Written after a Sermon preached at Woking, Surrey,
February, 1842, from Matt. xv. 22, 23, &c.

THE faith that is to Israel given,
Is a free gift sent down from heav'n ;
And does the matchless grace display
Of Christ, the Truth, the Life, the Way.

What tho' I am defil'd with sin,
And born unholy and unclean ;
Thro' grace I'm taught on God to call,
And at his footstool humbly fall.

My prayer at first may prove in vain,
But faith is taught to call again ;
And for this cause the gospel saith,
'Tis for the *trial* of your faith.

Tho' 'tis not meet that I should take
The children's bread my food to make ;
Yet grant me, Lord, tho' this be all,
The crumbs which from the table fall.

The meanest of thy saints, O Lord,
 Shares in thy tenderest regard ;
 And tho' their cries be from thee cast,
 The promised blessing comes at last.

Have mercy then, O Lord, on *me* ;
 May *I* thy great salvation see,
 And praise, with all thy saints above,
 Redeeming grace and dying love.

To a Friend ;

With the gift of a small Book, entitled, "Christ is all."

A TOKEN of regard I send,
 It comes, believe me, from a friend ;
 Pray do not treat it with disdain,
 But read it o'er and o'er again ;
 And tho' the gift I own is small,
 The subject's great—'tis "Christ is all."

May you peruse it, not in vain,
 For truths of God it does contain ;
 And may you find an interest in
 The blood that cleanseth from all sin ;
 This little book I now commend
 Unto your studious care ;
 May Jesu's blessing it attend,
 Such is the earnest pray'r
 Of yours—

AN UNKNOWN FRIEND.

Thoughts

On approaching the Lord's Table.³

How many, Lord, thy table throng,
 And of this heav'nly feast partake ;
 Yet do we prove ourselves among
 Those whom thou dost as children take ?

To thee the hearts of all are known,
 And all our thoughts, and words, and ways ;
 O teach us, Lord, thy grace to own,
 And fill our souls with pray'r and praise.

On outward signs and forms alone,
 May we in nowise e'er depend ;
 But wait, and trust that thou wilt own
 Our meeting here, and blessings send.

Thy Spirit's influence now impart,
 That we with one accord may prove—
 Combin'd with praises, ere we part,
 A sense of thy forgiving love.

³ Note C.

Keep yourselves in the love of God.

JUDE i. 21.

O HELP us, Lord, from grace received,
 To manifest thy love ;
 And may we prove, by faith divine,
 Our calling from above.

By every means of pray'r and praise,
 Still keep us near thy side ;
 And in the work of faith and love,
 O may we still abide.

Our love to thee is faint indeed,
 Alas ! we feel it so ;
 We look to thee, O hear our pray'r,
 And make our graces grow.

Oppress'd with sin, and fear, and doubt,
 We're prone to go astray ;
 Grant us, O Lord, all needful strength,
 To guide us on the way.

Thoughts

On the calamitous Fire that occurred at Quebec, Canada, on the 29th June, 1845, by which a great part of the City was burnt to ashes, and 15,000 rendered houseless and destitute.⁴

THE sad event that now my thoughts engage,
And moves my pen its hist'ry to record,
Is full of wisdom, and instruction gives
To all who to the warning voice attend,—
Incline their ear unto the rod, and hear
Who hath appointed it.⁵

'Twas God commission'd the devouring flame
To work such devastation; and by these
And other visitations of his providence,
He calls us to be mindful of the truth,
That all we prize on earth as valuable,
And care to spend such anxious thought upon,
Is fleeting, transient, vain, and liable
To changes and mutations, which, alas!
Lays all our honoured grandeur in the dust.

* * * * *

How blest are they who have secur'd to them
A rich inheritance beyond the skies,
Which all the shocks of time's revolving years,
Nor the combined force of nature's elements,

⁴ Note D.

⁵ Micah vi. 9.

Or any other desolating scourge,
 Can e'er remove ; it evermore remains,—
 'Tis incorruptible, and undefiled,
 And fadeth not away.⁶

When heav'n permits a vast devouring fire
 To do such ravages as have been done
 In towns and cities, oft his providence
 Provides for those who needy, destitute,
 And houseless are, a place of refuge ; where
 They may preserve their lives secure and safe
 From the inclemency of heat and cold,
 Of rain, or snow, or midnight air.⁷
 But greater far the blessing, yea, the grace
 Is matchless, sovereign, and unsearchable,
 That sinners such as we should ever find
 A refuge in that day of fiery wrath,
 When God will be aveng'd on all his foes ;
 And justly say of those who would not have
 Him to reign over them on earth below,
 " Them hither bring, and in my presence slay."⁸
 To guilty sinners, then, a refuge *is*
 Provided *now*, where they may safely hide,

⁶ 1 Pet. i. 4.

⁷ Asylums were provided for the destitute.

⁸ Luke xix. 27.

Secure against the retributive law
 Of an avenging God (who ruleth all [demn'd :
 In heav'n and earth) and conscience self-con-
 'Tis in Christ, the Rock of Ages, where
 The Christian does repose ; for God declares
 He will be unto him a covert from
 The rain of dread calamity and wrath ;
 A certain refuge from the stormy wind,
 And shadow from the heat.⁹

⁹ Isaiah xxxii. 2.

A Token of Remembrance on the Death of E. A. Llewellyn,

August 28th, 1846.

FAREWELL, dear sister ! now thy pains are o'er,
Thy Spirit's wafted to the heavenly shore,
Where sin and suffering shall for ever cease—
Where all is perfect calm, and joy, and peace.

No more oppress'd with doubts and unbelief,
No more the child of sorrow, care, or grief;
The heavenly Canaan gained, thou'rt safe at rest,
And with the Saviour there for ever blest.

We cannot mourn thy absence, for we know
Thou art released from a world of woe;
From ills to come thou'rt taken far away,
And nothing here on earth demands thy stay.

Resting on Jesus' righteousness and blood,
His presence cheer'd thee crossing Jordan's flood;
Tho' heart and flesh did fail with mortal breath,
God was thy portion in the hour of death.

Matthew xii. 36.

MY soul, reflect upon that day,
 When Christ the Judge shall come,
 And bring to judgment all the deeds
 That men on earth have done.

The sinner, then, shall be arraign'd
 Before the judgment bar,
 And stand accountable for all
 His words and actions here.

His hidden thoughts as well as deeds
 Shall then be brought to light ;
 And every idle word he spoke,
 Be open to the sight.

The saints of God, who've pardon found,
 In Jesu's precious blood,
 May stand and plead their Surety's name,
 Before a righteous God.

The Saviour, Christ, hath borne away
 The guilt of all their sin ;
 Tho' in themselves impure and vile,
 They are "complete in Him."

He bore away their every guilt,
 Their crimes on him were laid ;
 When, on the Mount of Calvary,
 He bow'd his sacred head.

Thus, while the wretched sinner, who
 From guilt was never freed,
 Through Jesu's grace, and power, and love,
 Shall stand condemn'd indeed.

But they who have an interest found
 In Christ, the sinner's friend,
 Can to his care commit their souls,
 And on his love depend.

He pleads their cause, nor aught can break
 A union so divine ;
 The Father says, that, in that day,
 His people shall be mine.¹

¹ Mal. iii. 17.

Hebrews ii. 9.

JESUS hath died, a world to save
From sin, from suffering, and the grave ;
He—he alone hath borne the shame,
Jesus the Saviour is his name.

The sinner's guilt on him was laid,
When on the cross he bow'd his head ;
And for the sufferings thus endured,
A crown of glory he secured.

He who the world's foundations laid
Was lower than the angels made ;
Admire, my soul, the wondrous plan—
He “tasted death for every man.”

He bore the load of guilt and sin,
Of all who come to God by him ;
It was for these he tasted death,
Fulfilling what the Scripture saith.

If 't were not thus, how could it be,
That travail of his soul he'd see ?
And we're assured he'll safely keep
Those who are numbered 'mongst his sheep.

Redemption's price for them was paid,
 As Christ himself hath plainly said;
 'Tis for my sheep my life's laid down,
 For them's reserved a starry crown.

To man, of every name and grade,
 The Saviour's grace is thus display'd;
 And by this love the gospel plan
 Is preach'd to every fallen man.

That all may see the matchless love
 That brought the Saviour from above,—
 Endured the cross, despised the shame,
 And realized a glorious name.

To a professing Christian Friend,

On her having engaged to stand as "Godmother" to a
Sister's Infant.

'Tis strange to think that you should be
So blindly led as not to see,
That what you do in this affair
Is fraught with many a hurtful snare.

If you, my friend, did not profess
To follow after righteousness,
And seek to know, and practice too,
The works that Christ would have you do—

'Twould not astonish me to hear,
That you, regardless of his fear,
Walk'd in the path he had not shewn,
And what your conscience must disown.

I thought you were in earnest still,
And sought to know his blessed will;
And yet I hear—'tis with surprise—
You follow vanity and lies.

What in the word of God is found
About that useless, sinful round
Of solemn mockery, this day made,
Over a young, unconscious babe?

Does not that word teach you to shun
 What you in formal words have done ;
 And caution you the truth to speak,
 Instead of making vows to break ?

I send you this in truth and love,
 And pray for wisdom from above,
 That as a Christian you may shew
 The praise of him who made you so.

If you are really made to feel
 What God the Spirit does reveal
 To every seeking prayerful mind,
 You'll search his word, and wisdom find.

But if this source of truth you leave,
 And thus the Holy Spirit grieve,
 I'm free to tell you on the whole,
 You'll bring a leanness on your soul.²

² Psalm cvi. 15.

Lines

Suggested by the Dying Words of a beloved Wife, who
 "fell asleep in Jesus" Sept. 17, 1850.

"To be in glory, how sweet,"

When Jesus we meet,

With those who are gone before ;

Who are cleanséd from guilt,

By the blood that was spilt,

And whose sufferings now are no more.

How sweet to enjoy

The delightful employ

Of angels and seraphs above,

When freed from all sin,

Our true joys begin,

In communion with him whom we love.

Yea, ere we arise

To our place in the skies,

A foretaste of heav'n we enjoy ;

But when we're above,

Made happy in love,

We shall dwell in the *fulness* of joy.

How "precious" the name
 Of Jesus, who came,
 In the fulness of love, to embrace
 And save us from hell ;
 Yea, lead us to tell
 Of his free and unmerited grace.

And nothing can part,
 From the love of his heart,
 The souls that in Jesus believe ;
 They're safe from all fear,
 Since Jesus is near,
 And they of his fulness receive.

Death loses his sting,
 For Jesus our King
 Has conquer'd our foes with his blood,
 And we in his strength
 Shall conquer at length,
 And dwell in the presence of God.

Departed Friends.

DEPARTED friends—alas ! how soon forgot,
 Amid the busy scenes of time and sense ;
 How soon their places here—their earthly lot,
 Fades from the memory when taken hence.

We feel their absence, and at times repine,
 Or murmur at the chast'ning hand of God,
 Who sends afflictions, and in his own time,
 Removes our kindred by his sovereign rod.

They go from hence, from this vain world they're
 borne,
 Their bodies mingle with their native earth ;
 They ne'er to this our world again return,
 To tell of woes unseen, or heavenly worth.

But in the word of God, we read and learn
 The gospel message, where 'tis truly said,—
 If men the prophets and apostles scorn,
 They'll not repent tho' one rose from the dead.

To those who have been taught of God to say,—
 Thy will be done on earth, as 'tis in heaven—
 Who seek His word to know and to obey—
 Who feel and know on earth their sins forgiven ;

That word declares, that they are bless'd in Him
Who died a guilty, ruined world to save ;
And tho' their mortal bodies die through sin,
Their happy spirits live beyond the grave.

The glory that awaits the saints' repose,
No mortal eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard ;
Nor can the heart conceive, 'mid earthly woes,
The joys of heaven that are for them prepared.

'Tis by a living faith that we receive
What God's revealed word to us makes known ;
And bless'd indeed are they who thus believe
What flesh and blood alone hath never shown.

Christian, rejoice that death hath lost its sting,
And sorrow not as tho' your hope were vain ;
For those who die in Christ, He'll surely bring
With Him in glory, there to live and reign.

Lines

Written in remembrance of the Dying Words of a beloved Sister, Ann S——, who died at Sydling, 29th September, 1850. Her sufferings were great, her patience and fortitude were exemplary, and her faith firm as a rock, being founded on the Rock of Ages. Her last words were, “Come, come, do not tarry.”

COME, Lord Jesus, do not tarry,
 Take thy waiting people home,³
 To behold thy face in glory,
 And to know thee as they 're known ;
 Faith e'en now the day disclosing,
 By the bright and morning star,
 On the hearts of all thy chosen,
 Brightly beaming from afar.⁴

Come, Lord Jesus, do not tarry,
 Thou hast conquer'd all our foes ;⁵
 Over death didst rise victorious,
 And with thee our spirits rose :
 Now in heavenly places seated,
 We have enter'd into rest ;
 Then our joy in thee completed,
 In thy presence fully blest.⁶

Friends depart and leave us weeping,
 To the silent grave they 're borne ;

³ Cor. xiii. 12.

⁴ 2 Pet. i. 19.

⁵ Eph. ii. 6, 7.

⁶ Ps. xvi. 11.

But for those in Jesus sleeping,
 We have no more cause to mourn ;⁷
 Tho' our hearts be oft dejected,
 Mid the sorrows that surround ;
 " In the world " where, once rejected,
 Jesus tribulation found.⁸

Come, Lord Jesus, do not tarry,
 All Creation waits for thee,
 From the curse, death, and corruption,
 To be evermore set free :⁹
 This thy church's expectation
 With a groaning earth they share ;
 But in blest anticipation,
 Soon to meet thee in the air.¹

Come, Lord Jesus, do not tarry,
 Teach us to respond the cry ;²
 Do we, Lord, as " faithful " witness—
 Thy return is drawing nigh ?³
 May our loins with truth be girded,⁴
 And our lamps with brightness burn ;
 Thus, as faithful servants, watching—
 Waiting for our Lord's return.⁵

⁷ 1 Thess. iv. 13, 14.

⁸ John xvi. 33.

⁹ Rom. viii. 21—23.

¹ 1 Thes. vi. 15, 17.

² Rev. xxi, 20.

³ Jas. v. 1.

⁴ Eph. vi. 14.

⁵ Luke xii. 35, 36.

On the Death of the Rev. J. Hawker,

Late Minister of Eldad Chapel, Plymouth, Oct. 31, 1846.

How oft we mourn the absence of the lost,
 Who're taken from this earthly scene away,
 By death's resistless hand : and yet we know
 They are not really *lost*, but gone before :
 For if we do believe that Jesus died,
 And rose again, victorious o'er the grave ;
 E'en so shall they who sleep in him be rais'd,
 By power divine, with him to live and reign.

Th' ambassador of Christ, who hath declar'd
 The message giv'n him by his Lord and King,
 Hath ceaséd from his labours,—through the gate
 Of death hath enter'd into rest prepar'd
 For all the honour'd servants of the Lord.
 No more his Master's grace, and power, and love,
 Shall be by him declar'd, to mortals here ;
 His voice in death is silent ; and the tongue,
 So wont to speak the praise and matchless grace
 Of Israel's Triune God, in silence lies.
 Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right ?
 And shall we dare to murmur or repine
 At his Almighty will, who governs by [earth ?
 His sov'reign power the things in heav'n and

Nay; rather may we humbly learn to bow
 Submissive to His will, and hear his voice
 Declare, "Be still, and know that I am God."
 The set, appointed time on earth was come,
 And He who first of all gave life and breath—
 Sustain'd that life—now issues the command,
 "Return unto the dust," for dust thou art.

The soul who trusts in Jesu's precious blood,
 And perfect righteousness, may still exclaim,
 (As he was often wont to do whose death
 We now in thought memorialize) "O Death,
 Where is thy sting? and where, O Grave,
 Thy boasted victory?"

*Nowhere*⁶—the answer of the man of faith:
 The sting of death is sin alone, and sin
 Is put away in Christ, the conquering Head
 Of His redeem'd and sanctified Church.
 Then let the song of praise be still prolong'd,
 And say with one of old, "Thanks be to God,
 Who giveth us the vict'ry" over death,
 "Through Jesus Christ our Lord."⁷

⁶ The usual reply given to the interrogation, in his public ministry.

⁷ 1 Cor. xv. 57.

APPENDIX.

Note A, page 6.

Believers are in Christ Jesus by virtue of a living and abiding faith (John xv). Hence they are compared to *living* branches in a fruitful vine; separated from which they are useless and unprofitable. Their state, as united to Christ, is manifested by the fruits they bear (John xv. 14,)—love to the brethren, and walking in those good works which God hath ordained. To this they are predestinated: even to be conformed to the image of His Son (Romans viii. 29). According as they were chosen in Christ to be holy, so they were in him blessed with all spiritual blessings in heavenly things—all things appertaining to holiness of heart and life (2 Pet. i. 3). The elect, or chosen of God, are characterized as the “godly” (Psalm iv. 3)—believers of “the truth” (1 Pet. i. 2) “holy, merciful,” &c. (Col. iii. 12; see also Matt. v. 44, 45; Mark. xiii. 20). They are the sheep of Christ, who “hear His voice, and follow Him” (John x. 27).

Note B, page 8.

The ordinances of the House of God are the means through which He has graciously been pleased to manifest himself to His believing people. Spiritual worship alone is acceptable to God (John iv. 24). The material building in which believers assemble for this

purpose has no glory in itself (Heb. ix. 24; 2 Cor. iii. 10), the presence of the Lord alone constitutes the glory of the place, and His presence is wherever two or three are gathered together in His name (Matt. xviii. 20). And let us bear in mind, that the "neglect" of assembling together is associated in the Divine Word with the possibility of "treading underfoot the Son of God," and the judgments consequent thereon (Heb. x. 25—30).

Note C, page 15.

In holding fellowship with each other as the saints of God, in the breaking of bread and in prayers, how important is self-examination as to our standing before Him who searcheth the heart—that we should test our own feelings and motives in coming to his table; thus judging ourselves, that we "come not together unto condemnation." This involves personal responsibility (1 Cor. xi. 28, &c.) and accountability (Rom. xiv. 12).

Note D, page 17.

The melancholy event referred to in these lines occurred in a city in which the writer spent his earliest years, and is, therefore, associated with peculiar interest to him. The thoughts suggested may impress the minds of others who read them, of the mutability of all earthly things (1 Pet. i. 24), and the security of those who trust in the Lord (Ps. 125).



